

His Name's on the Roll of Honour

(His Memory's in my Heart.)

SONG



LYRIC BY
SERGT. J. BRUNO D.C.M.

MUSIC BY
BOMBER. H. ROSE

Both of the
Third Batt. C.E.F.

ARRANGEMENT BY JOHN W. GRAY

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HIS NAME'S ON THE ROLL OF HONOUR

Lyric by Sergt. J. BRUNO D.C.M. 3rd Batt. C.E.F.

Music by Bomber H. ROSE 3rd Batt. C.E.F.

Andante

The piano introduction is in G major, 2/4 time, and marked *Andante*. It begins with a treble clef staff containing four whole rests. The piano accompaniment starts in the second measure with a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The right hand melody is marked *mf* and features a trill in the final measure, which is also marked *rall.* The bass line consists of a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

The first system of the song features a vocal melody in the treble clef and piano accompaniment in the grand staff. The lyrics are: "On the roll of hon-our is his name, Small com-fort to my heart, The Yes he did all that a man could do, When Bri-tain called her sons, He". The music is in G major, 2/4 time, and marked *Andante*. The piano accompaniment provides a steady eighth-note bass line.

The second system of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "fin-est pal, I've ev-er had, At last we've had to part, Af-ter helped to hold the Kha-ki line, A- gainst the en-'mies guns, When he". The music is in G major, 2/4 time, and marked *Andante*. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note bass line.

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all these years of glad-ness, I must strug-gle on a-lone, All the
 saved his wound-ed cap-tain, All his com-rades called him brave, Tho' he

sun-shine turned to sad-ness, While my heart feels like a stone.
 did not win a med-al, Still he found a he-ro's grave

Chorus

For I've lost the fin-est pal a girl could wish to find, Some

where in France in his last sleep he lies, And noth-ing but the mem-o-ries are

left with me be-hind, How bit-ter and how blank now seem the days. No

more his smi-ling face I'll see, Ner hear his heart-y laugh As to -

geth-er through the fields we used to roam, But there's an old mill by the stream Where I'll

of-ten sit and dream, Of you old pal, the best I've ev - er known.

rall.

"By Order of the King"

Words by A. E. MacNURT.

Music by M. F. KELLY.

By or - der of the King (God bless him), we'll fight and win or
 die. "The Em - pire and the King" (God bless him) is the
 na - tions cry, Our coun - try's pride are faith - ful, "God
 bless them and yo - try bring." For they are glad - ly dy - ing just to
 keep the old flag fly - ing. By or - der of the King.

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We Are Coming, Mother England

Words and music by RAYMOND MOORE.

We are com - ing, Moh - er Eng - land Aye a hun - dred thou - sand
 strong, our hearts a - flame and lov - al. Our lips a - thrill with song.
 We have heard the call of hon - or and in faith and love o - bey,
 For the Un - ion Jack (God bless it) must win and live for aye.

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Canadian Jack

The Honor of the Empire

Words and music by
FRANK B. FENWICK.

Our Can - a - dian boys are proud - ly march - ing, With their
 face - es to the foe. You will nev - er find our Jack With a
 hal - let in his back, He's a gem in the crown of Bri - tars - na.

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We'll Never Let the Old Flag Fall

Words by ARTHUR E. MACNURT.

Music by M. F. KELLY.

We'll nev - er let the old flag fall. For we love it the best of
 all. We don't want to fight to show our might. But
 when we start, we'll fight, fight, fight. In peace or war you'll
 hear us sing, God save the flag, God save the King. At the ends of the
 world, the flag's un - furled, We'll nev - er let the old flag fall.

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The Call of the Motherland

Words and Music by EDWARD W. MURDER.

When war's alarms, and the call to arms, Comes across from the Motherland, At the
 call, as one each Can - a - dian son, Is read - y to take his stand, From
 East and West, we will give our best, And the pray - ers of our peo - ple bring: And
 side by side with the Em - pire's pride, We will fight for our Flag and King.

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A Song of the Empire

Words and music by FREDERICK STUBBS.

Hark! o'er our march - es world - wide rung, The call to arms re -
 sound - ing! Bri - tan - nia's might no more a - lone Shall stand to guard her
 is - land Thyrou. For lo! Her Is - on Whips are grown, And to her aid are bounding!

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